

# The Academy and Literature.

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## The Literary Week.

THIS week, following our usual spring and autumn custom, we print lists of the chief books of the season. There is no diminution in the production of novels, but good books in other departments are not plentiful. Hitherto the war has stood in the way of the good time for authors and publishers that is always receding. Now it is the Coronation.

THE directors of Messrs. Chapman and Hall report that the past year has been singularly prejudicial to the publishing trade. Nevertheless, the company is able to show a net profit of £2,812 8s. 2d. on last year's trading.

A COMPANY has been formed, says the *British Weekly*, with a capital of £6,000, to publish the *County Gentleman*. The sole director is Mr. St. Leo. Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE, AT THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS' ANNUAL MEETING.

"An author has a legal right to an examination of a publisher's accounts, but the committee do not feel justified in incurring the large expense unless there is real cause for suspicion."

DR. JOHNSON.

"Sir, I always said the Book-sellers were a generous set of men. . . . The fact is, not they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much."

A FRENCH publisher is preparing an edition of Balzac, in which the "lengthy and somewhat tedious descriptive passages" have been summarised by the editor. A French critic suggests, in a leading journal, that admirers of Balzac should raid the premises and break up the presses.

PROFESSOR WALTER RALEIGH will give three lectures at the Royal Institution during the coming session on *Poets and Poetry*. The subject chosen by Professor Brander Matthews for the three lectures he has promised to give is *The Development of the English Drama*.

WHEN Dr. Conan Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles* is published in book form it will contain the following note:

My Dear Robinson,—It was your account of a West Country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind. For this and for the help which you gave me in its evolution, all thanks.—Yours most truly,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Mr. Fletcher Robinson is a well-known journalist. "This little tale" hardly describes Mr. Sherlock Holmes's very lengthy adventure.

THOSE who have not received the new issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* must not blame the editor or publisher. The delay is owing to the fact that the sheets are on board the "Etruria."

WE have good reason to believe that during the summer Mr. George Meredith's "Egoist," dramatised by Mr. Sutro and revised by Mr. Meredith himself, will be produced at a London theatre. It is improbable, however, that the general public will be able to gain admission to the performances.

AN exhibition of the works of the principal English and French painters of the 18th century will be opened by the Lord Mayor on April 21, at the Guildhall Art Gallery.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON contemplate a reissue of Kerner's *Natural History of Plants*, a work which, in its English form, is identified with the name of Professor F. W. Oliver, of University College, London. Professor Oliver's

translation, in the production of which he had the assistance of Lady Busk and Mrs. M. F. Macdonald, was first published some seven or eight years ago. The new edition, which will be issued at a considerably reduced price, will be substantially a reprint of the original English edition, with a few necessary alterations and corrections.

UNDER the title of *Terrors of the Law*, Mr. John Lane is publishing three biographical and critical sketches by Mr. Francis Watt, author of *The Law's Lumber-Room*. The subjects are Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, the Lord Advocate Mackenzie, and Lord Braxfield, the original of Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*.

THE Easter number of the *Art Journal* will be the life and work of Dante G. Rossetti. Miss Helen M. M. Rossetti, a niece of the artist, has undertaken the letter-press. There will be over fifty illustrations, of which three will be plate reproductions of the following subjects: "Paolo and Francesca," "The Beloved," and "A Christmas Carol."

THE ways of the collector are wonderful. At Sotheby's on Wednesday £222 was paid for a copy of Charles Lamb's nursery booklet, *King and Queen of Hearts, with the Rogueries of the Knave who Stole the King's Pies*. A month or two ago Lamb's authorship of these nursery rhymes was not known, and the only copy that has yet come to light was in the hands of a lady who had given a few shillings for it. For this copy the ludicrously large sum we have named was paid on Wednesday. Ludicrously large it must seem to anyone who is not a collector and rich, but who possesses the wonderfully good shilling facsimile of the booklet that has been issued by Messrs. Methuen. Moreover, the rhymes are poor and un-Eliau, as Mr. Lucas has been the first to point out, so that £222 has been paid for a curiosity which we should suppose is infinitely less to be coveted than one of Lamb's letters. Oddly enough, on Tuesday, in the same series of sales, a relic of Goldsmith, which is also a new discovery, being an unknown first version of his *Traveller*, under the title of *A Prospect of Society*, fetched only £63. Yet this book has real literary value in addition to its rarity, and is as important to the study of Goldsmith as the children's booklet is comparatively negligible by students of Lamb.

EARLY next month in New York, as part of the library of Mr. A. J. Morgan, the original rough proof sheet, corrected by Tennyson, of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" prior to its appearance in the *Examiner*, will be sold. The lines

He saw their sabres bare  
Flash all at once in air

are altered to

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd all at once in air.

In Browning's "Pauline," again, we have another rare book of the nineteenth century. Because of the "immaturity" of this his first effort, Browning destroyed all the copies on which he could lay his hands. About a dozen can be traced, and in uncut state, protected by the original boards, the booklet is worth at least from £150 to £200. The Morgan example is particularly interesting. On the title-page is the autograph inscription: "By Robert Browning, his first publication, privately distributed. This copy was given me by his father, my eldest brother. (Signed.) Reuben Browning." It was while Reuben Browning was busily at work in Rothschild's bank that the young poet had many a spin in the neighbourhood of Hatcham on his uncle's horse.

THE Doves Press, inaugurated about a year ago by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker, has proved a commercial as well as an artistic success. *The Agricola*, published at 25s. in January, 1901, has fetched £7 5s. at auction; *The Ideal Book*, issued a month later at 12s. 6d., £3 14s.; Mr. Mackail's *Address on William Morris*, initially priced at 15s., £3 5s. In addition to the Bible, to be printed in five volumes at £3 each, the Doves Press has in preparation two works. In July next there will appear a volume containing seven poems and two translations by Tennyson: "Enone," "The Lotos Eaters," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Tiresias," "Demeter and Persephone," "Death of Enone," "Achilles Over the Trench," and "Hector and the Bridge of War." In October there will follow *Paradise Lost*, reprinted from the first edition, with the exception that it will be divided into twelve books, as is the second edition; moreover, there will be no italics. Both will be small quartos, uniform with *The Agricola*.

LAST week we left M. Catulle Mendès putting his poetical drama "Térésa" into a drawer (which he likened to a coffin) with roses to express his admiration for Sarah Bernhardt, and violets to express his regret at her capriciousness. Meanwhile, Sarah has had her say. "All that Catulle Mendès has done is incomprehensible to me. The work was well advanced. Fifty-four Sixteenth Century Spanish costumes are completed, five scenes built, and three painted and completed, special engagements made, and much time lost. Lastly, it was in a terrible crisis of despair and tears that I drowned my illusions, my hopes, my admiration, and my friendship for this man. I have emerged from this crisis broken in body, the brain harassed, but safe and sound in will. Never again in my life will I see Catulle Mendès." The quarrel is too pretty to last we fancy.

WE are so accustomed to what we may call the bloated sixpennyworth of journalistic reading matter that we are rather agreeably surprised by the fierce tenuity of *The Tiger*, Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's new monthly magazinette (Grant Richards). It consists of sixteen small pages. Whether its quality will command the coin which its quantity seems not to consider at all is a matter on which we reserve judgment. Meanwhile, we observe that *The Tiger* has claws. With a courage that we cannot but admire Mr. Crosland indicates that his hand is against every Scotchman. Of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman we are succinctly told: "He is a Scotchman, and therefore fundamentally inept. He is a Scotchman, and therefore he sticks. It has been his plain duty to resign any time since his appointment; but he is Scotch, and the finer feelings are not in him." Three articles, two poems, and some notes by the editor constitute the present "fearful symmetry" of *The Tiger*. Mr. J. F. Runciman contributes a sensible exposure of "The Folly of Concert Giving," and "Bahram the Hunter," by Mr. Laurence Binyon, is a spirited poem. There is also a warm appreciation of the new novel *Lazarre* (Grant Richards), and a budget of notes beginning: "The Devil, being a-weary, and happening on a bookseller's shop, went in, and seated himself on a pile of new fiction. 'Somehow,' he said, 'I feel quite at home.'" In another note these views of reviewing are put forth. "The reviewer," we are told, "has never been properly understood by the author, who provides him with his daily bread. The author believes in his heart that the only kind of reviewer worth providing with daily bread is the reviewer who praises. If you are a reviewer, and you praise properly, you can toast your feet in many happy flats. The authors' children will be taught to call you Uncle, and to remember you in their innocent prayers. But if you are a reviewer of the other sort, that is to say,

if you forget to praise, and continue to do your duty in the matter of blame, your lines will not be cast in such pleasant places. It will be whispered of you that you are a master of veiled attack. That you are a bludgeoner, a savage, and, if the truth were only known, a scoundrel." This is sore-head philosophy, but we shall waylay *The Tiger* and consider of him better. At present his strong point seems to be a certain leisurely blood-thirstiness, which adds a new touch of romance to Leicester Square.

*The Shrine*, a new shilling quarterly, is announced to be edited and published in Stratford-on-Avon. The Shrine, in fact, is *his*. Amongst its contents prominence will be given to Shakespeare's shrine, with all its associations (old and new). Also "to poetry and poets generally (with that fervour of reverential admiration which Jean Paul Richter described as 'soul-strengthening'), and to book-lore in some of its most popular aspects." Under the heading "Pilgrims to Shakespeare's Shrine" will be given a series of descriptive and anecdotal chapters, in which the Pilgrims will figure in classified order as Actors, Authors, Baconians, Bibliographers, Critics, Commentators, Curiosity-Mongers, and Cypherists; as Distinguished Foreigners, Editors, Fantastic Folk, Ghosts, and as Historical and Royal Pilgrims, &c. These Chapters will be prepared "by the Editor of a recently-discontinued Shakespearean Magazine." Ahem! Other features will be reviews of books, antiquarian fragments, scientific, literary, philosophical, and other essays, by authors of repute, correspondence, bits from . . . well, never mind the bits. Artemus Ward wrote of Shakespeare's shrine in *Punch*: "It is a success." We commend his words to *The Shrine* as a motto and an aspiration.

WHILE English critics rage against Mrs. Gallup in England Sir Henry Irving has had the advantage of opposing her theories in "these States." Having been invited to deliver the Trask lecture at the Princeton University in New Jersey on Wednesday, he chose the subject of Shakespeare v. Bacon. He was most generously reported, to the length of three columns, in Thursday's *Daily News*. In introducing his subject he said:

It has occurred to me that the opinion of an actor may have some interest in the controversy which seems to make a perennial appeal to the curiosity of the public. I am encouraged to express this opinion by Judge Allen, of Boston, who at the end of his able treatise on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question" does me the honour of summing up the debate in some words of my own. "When the Baconians can show that Ben Jonson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights at that time was in a conspiracy to palm off on the ages the most astounding cheat in history, they will be worthy of serious attention."

HERE is a striking argumentative passage in the address:

In the technicalities of the stage Shakespeare is always accurate; but when he employs legal terms, he is often wrong. In geography he gave Bohemia a coast, much to the distress of Ben Jonson. In navigation, he starts a ship from the gates of Milan. His knowledge of law was supposed to be wonderful by Lord Campbell, but does not commend itself to Judge Allen. I understand that the Trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" bears no resemblance to any judicial procedure that ever was recorded in legal annals. It is evident that Shakespeare did not care a jot for judicial procedure, and that the law which authorised Shylock to cut his pound of Antonio's flesh, but forbade him to shed one drop of blood, was not sanctioned by the judgment of Bacon. Campbell was not at the pains to discover how much law was known to Shakespeare's contemporaries in play-writing. Judge Allen shows that legal terms abounded

in all the Elizabethan plays, and that Shakespeare's contemporaries used them even more freely than he did. Ben Jonson, Middleton, Chapman, Massinger, Peele, Wilkins, Webster, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Dekker, Barry, and Spenser all made use of legal phraseology that is not to be found in Shakespeare. Are these writers to be taken simply as emanations of Bacon's prodigal genius? If not, what becomes of the hypothesis that Bacon must have written Shakespeare because Shakespeare so often quoted the jargon of lawyers?

ANOTHER passage must be quoted:

Without great scholarship, and with absolutely careless notions about law and geography and historical accuracy, Shakespeare had an immeasurable receptivity of all that concerned human character. An oracle lately dismissed the idea that a great poet could have been a poacher in his youth, and could have consorted with toppers. Where, then, did he study the tavern company who flourish at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap? What gave him his relish for the escapades of Prince Hal? Why did he make Falstaff a hoary but lovable scamp? Why did he glory in Bardolph's nose? What had Bacon to do with Bardolph's nose? I have examined the cipher for some information on this point, but the "legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth" never mentions it. . . . Is it possible to conceive two master minds with characters, temperaments, and training so absolutely divergent as those of Bacon and Shakespeare? As Tennyson said, the philosopher who in his Essay on "Love" described it as a "weak passion" fit only for stage comedies, and deplored and despised its influence over the world's noted men, could never have written "Romeo and Juliet."

MR. GILBERT PARKER, M.P., said some quotable things about the Art of Fiction in his address to the Sesame Club last Monday. Thus:

A man must know truth to write fable.

Fiction can be learned, but cannot be taught.

No great writer has ever had the idea of founding a "school" of this or that—of idealism, or symbolism, or romanticism, or realism. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories; they get hold of a few principles, and by these they live.

In the art of fiction the individual is thrown on his own innate talent.

Love and fighting are not necessarily romance; nor are soup-kitchens and Divorce Courts necessarily realism.

In the very first chapter of the book the note must be struck which shall recur throughout the book like the motif in an opera.

Like many speakers, Mr. Parker laid down as single and simple what is really multiple and complex. He said:

There is only one test for a novel: that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; but, before all, that it be wholesome. Here are five tests, some of them very difficult to apply.

"AFTER TWO YEARS" is the title of a touching little poem contributed to last week's *Spectator* by Mr. Edgar Wallace. We quote the first and third of the four stanzas:

Good-night, old boy . . . good-bye:  
(It's . . . strange . . . to die.)  
Two years' good labour and the end in sight.  
Colenso . . . Spion Kop . . . and this little fight:  
And this the end . . . it doesn't seem quite right.

The roar and rush of death—  
(Was that your breath  
Upon my cheek, old boy, or was it—?) well,  
Glory and joy of leading where they fell—  
I go alone, with two years' work to tell.



FOUR books have already appeared upon Ping-pong. Possibly the literature of the game will some day cease to be merely of an initiatory character: we may then expect the literary journals to contain paragraphs after the style of the following:

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Dr. Cell. U. Lloyd, Professor of Ping-Pong at the University of Cambridge. The deceased was a gentleman of wide attainments. His work upon "The Ethical Value of Ping-Pong" will no doubt be familiar to most of our readers.

The fifth volume of that monumental work, "The History of Ping-Pong from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," is to be issued shortly.

"Pingpongistic Jack, the Terror of the Tables," is a story of a highly sensational type, which parents would do well to keep out of the way of their children.

Messrs. Smythe, Older and Co. announce a new publication, to be entitled "The Dictionary of Ping-Pongers' Biography." The work will embrace the life histories of all who have in any way contributed to the study of Ping-Pong.

Messrs. Meadow and Margin announce a book of verse by Mr. R. Ackett. The volume will take its title from the first poem in the collection, "I cannot Ping the Old Pong."

It seems strange to think that so profound a subject as Ping-Pong was once regarded merely as a game, and yet such was the case as recently as 1902.

Of the fact that our fathers were blind to the inner significance of this vast subject, we are reminded this week by the appearance of Dr. D' Rivel's long-promised work, "Ping-Pong at the Birth of the Century." Dr. D' Rivel deals in a most masterly manner with his subject, and the book is well worth the price asked for it—nothing.

MR. JOHN B. TABB writes: "Mr. *Punch's* remarks upon poetical feet suggests to me:

#### A FOOT-RULE.

When a poet gives his hand,  
Meet it is to greet the greeter.  
When his feet in question stand,  
It is metre.

THE American head-line as she is applied to literature still amuses us. Here is a Boston specimen:

HOMER'S ILLAD IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS  
HARVARD MAN PERFORMS A FEAT PRONOUNCED  
IMPOSSIBLE BY LITERARY MASTERS.  
ALBERT J. LONNEY, THE WONDER OF SCHOLARS  
WORK OF GREAT BEAUTY ACCOMPLISHED ONLY  
AFTER TREMENDOUS STRUGGLE BY  
DEVOTEE TO GREEK.

## Bibliographical.

THE appearance of Miss Clara Morris's *Life on the Stage* on this side of the Atlantic has aroused interest in her other contributions to literature—*The Silent Singer* and *Little Jim Crow*. These are quite unknown to me, and, to the best of my belief, have never been obtainable in England. Assuredly no edition of them has been brought out over here within the last twenty years, and I imagine they are not older than that. I presume the two books are stories, and I need not dwell upon the fact that actresses have before now shone as the writers of fiction. Of living people Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Gertrude Warden are obvious cases in point. Miss Robins flowered late as a romancist; Miss Warden has combined the professions of novelist and actress for some years past. Miss Florence Marryatt also combined them for a time, and it is probable that Miss Braddon's early experiences as an actress were of use to her in the composition of her more

theatrical narratives. Actor-novelists are, if anything, more numerous than actress-novelists, though usually they do not display so much ability. One of the most recent, I believe, is the Mr. Arthur Machen who is now playing a small part in "Paolo and Francesca" at the St. James's.

"In such a case, for example, as Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, it would be unobjectionable and probably serviceable," says a contemporary, "to revise and supplement the work in the light of the fifty years' knowledge which has accumulated since Lockhart laid aside his pen." This would depend upon what was meant by "revising and supplementing." If it meant curtailing or altering the text of a standard work, I for one should protest loudly. Nobody has any right to mangle a work of literary art. If corrections or additions are necessary, let them be made by way of notes or appendices. Something of this sort, if I remember rightly, was done lately by Mr. Clement Shorter for Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. That was an instance of legitimate "revising and supplementing," done by an expert, and with taste and judgment. But if Mr. Shorter had issued the *Life* curtailed and with interpolations, that would have been a very different matter.

Much as Bulwer Lytton is despised by a certain school of critics, his fictions appear to hold their own with the public and, consequently, with the publishers. I see that *The Last Days of Pompeii* is to be added soon to one of the many "libraries" which now appeal to readers. The romance came out only last year in the "New Standard Library" of Ward and Lock. In 1898 there were four editions of it—one in Service's "Golden Library," another in Routledge's "Twentieth Century Library," and a "Household" and a "Stevenage" edition by the last-named firm. That is not so bad for poor old Bulwer. I note that there were reprints of *The Last of the Barons* in 1898 and 1899, and one of *Rienzi* in the former year. Say what you will, Bulwer's historical novels are not easy to beat, and a cheap uniform edition of them for the use and edification of young readers might be a fortunate as well as useful venture.

How to Make an Index,—if ever a book seemed destined to be of really practical value to the reading person, this promised one of Mr. Wheatley's is the very volume. Assuming that it really does instruct in the art of indexing, it cannot fail to be of public benefit. There are, of course, indexes and indexes. Occasionally you come upon one excellently done—comprehensive and accurate, well planned, and carefully achieved. Some day it will be recognised that index-making is, comparatively speaking, an intellectual occupation, and competent index-makers will have a proportionately-proper pecuniary reward. Hitherto, I gather, the average pay has been wretchedly inadequate. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and a really first-class index-maker is deserving of high remuneration.

"Still harping on my daughter." To Messrs. Dent's "Temple Classics," it appears, will be added Browning's *Sordello*, Matthew Arnold's *Dramatic and Early Poems*, Carlyle's *Past and Present*, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*—of all of which the available editions are many. The editors of "series" seem afraid to go out of the beaten track. Can it be that their knowledge of English literature is limited to the hackneyed classics? There are whole fields of English prose and verse waiting to be traversed by these ignorant or timid gentlemen.

One reads of a new selection from the writings of R. L. Stevenson, to be made by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and to be brought out under the title of *R.L.S.* May this not prove to be, after all, nothing more than a re-issue of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's *Passages from the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson*, published some three or four years ago?

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Ibsen's Lyric Poems.

*Lyrical Poems by Henrik Ibsen.* Selected and Translated by R. A. Streatfeild. (Elkin Matthews.)

GEORGE BRANDES has somewhere said of Henrik Ibsen that he has had "a lyric Pegasus killed under him." In a sense this is true, for during the thirty-five years since he finished "Peer Gynt" Ibsen has not written more than seventeen or eighteen poems; and when a man produces on an average only one copy of verses in every two years, his lyric vein may be said to trickle, but scarcely to flow. It must be remembered, however, that Ibsen's "lyric Pegasus" had carried him through "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" before it was killed—or, to choose an exacter image, turned out to grass. "Brand," perhaps, may be thought more dramatic than lyric; but in "Peer Gynt" the lyric element is distinctly preponderant. All its greatest scenes are lyrics in dialogue, and it is this all-pervading lyric impulse that gives it its place apart among dramatic creations. If Brandes, then, meant to convey (as he probably did) that Ibsen never gave full expression to the lyric side of his genius, the remark can at best pass for a hasty half-truth. In strictly lyrical form he has not, indeed, written much; but of work that throbs with feeling and sings in utterance he has done more than many poets who rank as lyricists and nothing else.

Still, his "Digte"—his "Poems," narrowly so-called—are not very numerous. They occupy only some 200 pages in the definitive edition of his works. It is certainly high time that we had all the more significant of them competently rendered into English; and as a step towards this end we welcome the little book of experimental renderings by Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, published by Mr. Elkin Matthews. Small as the collection is—it contains seventeen numbers in all—it is the first that has been attempted. A good many translations of individual poems and detached stanzas will be found scattered through the critical and biographical studies of Ibsen that have appeared in England and America; but Mr. Streatfeild is the first to make a compact sheaf of his gleanings. And it is no extravagant eulogy to call his versions, taking them all in all, the happiest as yet known to us. They can easily be that without being masterpieces of reproduction. For the lyric Ibsen, to tell the truth, has not hitherto been fortunate in his translators. To say that Mr. Streatfeild distances his predecessors is not to imply that at any point he touches the ideal.

He gives us a very fair selection of Ibsen's shorter lyrics. It was not within the scope of his design to attempt that extraordinary fantasy "On the Uplands," the poet's greatest non-dramatic work; nor could he be expected to tackle the "Balloon-Letter" of 1870, or the rhymed address to George Brandes of 1875. On the other hand, one cannot see why he should have omitted "The Stormy Petrel" (Stormsvalen), "In My Study" (Fra mit Husliv), "Complications" (Forviklinger), "To My Friend the Revolutionist," and "Stars and Nebulae." Had these been included, Mr. Streatfeild's book might have been said to contain all Ibsen's lyrics of any note that were not inspired by some purely social or politico-historical occasion. The reader who wishes to supplement Mr. Streatfeild's selection will find "Complications" and "To My Friend the Revolutionist" translated in the late H. H. Boyesen's book on Ibsen—the former tolerably, the latter badly.

In considering the merits of Mr. Streatfeild's renderings, it is only fair to point out that Ibsen's lyrics are, for the most part, very hard to translate. They are apt to be so richly rhymed and so packed with meaning that each

stanza, to do it full justice, would have to be balanced and polished like an epigram. Mr. Streatfeild is at his best in "Building Plans," "The Miner," "The Eiderduck," and "Bird and Birdcatcher." One or two stanzas of "The Miner" rather obscure the poet's idea; but otherwise the reader may accept these poems as fairly representing their originals. In one or two cases—for instance, in "Gone!" and in "A Swan"—Mr. Streatfeild has attempted the impossible. Nothing short of a miracle could produce an acceptable version of these poems. But in other cases Mr. Streatfeild has failed to deal adequately with comparatively simple problems of meaning and of metre. "A Bird-Song," for example, is unsatisfactory throughout, but especially in its first stanza, which runs thus in Mr. Streatfeild's English:

Once up and down the garden  
We wandered in the Spring,  
And life seemed like a melody  
That fairy voices sing.

The direful commonplace of the third and fourth lines finds no excuse in the original, where their meaning is "Alluring as an enigma was the forbidden place." Mr. Streatfeild's lines cannot be called translation or even paraphrase, but sheer interpolation. Take, again, the last stanza of "A Poet of the Night"—the title, by the way, ought rather to be "The Dread of Light." Here Mr. Streatfeild has simplified his task by omitting the alternate double-rhymes of the original; yet even with this advantage he wanders far from the poet's meaning. The last verse, as he renders it, runs:

And if I aught have written  
That shall not perish quite,  
'Tis thou that hast inspired me,  
O strong and terrible night.

Compare with this a line-for-line and almost literal rendering:

When darkness withdraws its curtain  
My spirit is daunted quite;  
Should I do aught great, be certain  
It must be a deed of night.

We do not present this wooden verse as an adequate translation, but merely as a means of enabling the reader to judge how near Mr. Streatfeild comes to the spirit of his original. In several cases he departs, quite unnecessarily, from Ibsen's metre. Let us place side by side, for example, Mr. Streatfeild's version of Margrete's "Cradle Song" from "The Pretenders," and the translation which appears in the published play, of which we shall say nothing except that it reproduces exactly the metre of the original:

MR. STREATFEILD.	EARLIER TRANSLATION.
Now fades the roof above his head	Now roof and rafters blend with
To the blue star-vault on high,	The starry vault on high;
Now flies my little Haakon up	Now flieth little Hakon
On dream-wings through the sky.	On dream-wings through the sky.
There is a golden ladder set	There mounts a mighty stairway
From earth to God's own seat,	From earth to God's own land;
And shining angels hover round	There Hakon with the angels
To guide my darling's feet.	Goes climbing hand in hand.
God's cherubim are watching o'er	God's angel-babes are watching
His cot the long night through;	Thy cot, the still night through;
God guard thee, little Haakon mine,	God bless thee, little Hakon,
Thy mother watches too.	Thy mother watcheth too.



In one or two cases Mr. Streatfeild positively mistakes the meaning of the original, and translates, not freely, but wrongly. For instance, the last two couplets of "To the Survivors" read thus in his version:

And he is dead, and ye have sold  
Your birthright for the stranger's gold.

So let it be! but calm and deep,  
O thorn-crowned warrior, be thy sleep.

What the poet actually says is: "But he has left to your protection the heritage of a glorious gain. Let not its glory be dimmed if you would have the thorn-crowned chieftain sleep reconciled." Here it will be seen that Mr. Streatfeild wholly perverts the sense of the passage, which he has evidently failed to understand. More often, however, the faults of his version arise, not from failure of comprehension, but from lack of patience to search for and find the nearest possible equivalent for the original. A fairly good version of that very characteristic utterance, "The Power of Memory," is marred by the needless introduction of an incongruous image in the last two couplets. We quote the verses entire:

#### THE POWER OF MEMORY.

You laugh when you see a tame bear dance;  
Do you know how they teach the beast to prance?

In a brewer's caldron they tie him tight,  
And pile up the furnace and set it alight.

Then a barrel-organ they bring along,  
And play to the bear "Love's Old Sweet Song."

In a minute or so he begins to grill,  
And he needs must dance, for he can't stand still.

So whenever he hears the tune that he knows,  
A dancing devil flies into his toes.

I too in the caldron once was bound,  
And the furnace blazed and the organ ground.

The flames of hell, I have felt their power,  
And I carry the scars to this very hour.

And whenever the thoughts of that time arise,  
I feel the pang like a stab in the eyes.

And deep in my brain the iron goes,  
And I needs must dance upon metric toes.

Now, it is evident that the "stab in the eyes" and the "iron in the brain" belong to a wholly different metaphoric scheme from that which the poet is working out; while the phrase "metric toes" obscures the final word-play which, as may be seen from the following amended rendering, can with perfect ease be reproduced in English:

And whenever echoes from that time sound,  
In the glowing caldron again I'm bound.

My nail-roots sting in the tingling heat,  
And I needs must dance upon metric feet.

What Mr. Streatfeild's versions really require is a little more conscientious labour in revision and polishing. He is too easily content with a slap-dash, hit-or-miss approximation to Ibsen's meaning. It is certain that we shall one day have better versions of most of the numbers in Mr. Streatfeild's booklet; but there is no reason why Mr. Streatfeild himself should not make the necessary improvements.

#### A Theosophist's Criticism.

*The Gospels and the Gospel.* By G. R. S. Mead. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book which leaves no very clear impression on the mind. Mr. Mead seems to have been stirred up by the very daring remarks of Dr. Abbott and Prof. Schmiedel

in their article on the Gospels in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* to give the public his opinions on the subject, and to have added to them a story lately told by Mr. Griffith from a demotic papyrus which Mr. Mead considers germane to the matter. But as these things by themselves would not have made a volume of the regulation length—or possibly because the mere statement of his opinions would not have answered the end he had in view—he has appended to it two chapters, entitled "The Life-side of Christianity" and "The Gospel of the Living Christ" respectively. In these he recommends his readers to join "that Holy Church of all races, climes and ages, that true Communion of Saints, whose members have been aiders and helpers of all religions, philosophies and sciences which the world may have from time to time required." What this "Holy Church" may be we do not pretend to say, but we venture to think that the road to it must in Mr. Mead's opinion lie through the Theosophical Society.

With this propaganda the ACADEMY has, of course, nothing to do, and we can therefore only concern ourselves with the literary side of Mr. Mead's book. Here we find hardly anything which is both new and true. Mr. Mead is, in fact, though confessedly not an expert, dealing with matters which are essentially a question of *expertise*, with the result that he is led into some strange mistakes. Thus he tells us that "the extant fragments of the Gnostic doctor Basilides afford us no evidence of his recognition of our Gospels as authoritative." This is, apparently, an amplification of Dr. Abbott's remark in the article already mentioned, that "Basilides did not accept John as an authoritative Gospel." But had Mr. Mead looked at the quotation from Basilides given in the 7th Book of the *Philosophumena*, he would have seen that Basilides himself gives as "stated in the Gospels" the words in St. John's opening chapter about "the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." These are the very words of the received text—a fact which has led M. Jean Réville to opine that St. John's Gospel first saw the light in some Gnostic community. So Mr. Mead tells us that "The Curetonian and Lewis Syriac versions of the Gospels preserve the very ancient reading of Matt. i., 16, 'Joseph . . . begot Jesus the Christ.'" Yet, as a fact, it is only the Sinaitic MS. discovered by Mrs. Lewis which uses the expression quoted, the Curetonian having in its place the words, "Joseph, to whom was betrothed Mary the Virgin, who bare Jesus Christ." Or, again, Mr. Mead tells us that "from the earliest times of which we have any record, we hear of books . . . of magical efficacy," and he excuses himself from tracing "the evolution of religion out of this magical phase." But surely, whether we consider, as Mr. Frazer was once inclined to do, that religion evolved from magic, or hold, as seems to be the better opinion, that religion and magic have always existed side by side yet independently of each other, we have abundant "record" of religion existing—as, for instance, in Neolithic times—when books as yet were not. After this, it seems hardly worth while to point out that Alcalá was the "small town in Spain" at which Cardinal Ximenes' Complutensian Polyglot—a term which applies to the whole Bible, and not to the New Testament only—was published; that "Si-Osiris" no more means—as Mr. Mead says it does—"Son of God" than does Heraclides or Asclepiades; and that the name of the Jewish Mahdi of Hadrian's time may be written Barbochab, Barcoziba or Barchochebas, but certainly not "Barchokba." For the rest, Mr. Mead's style, though seldom obscure, is terribly verbose. When he says, for instance, that some event did not occur "till a decade beyond the middle of the nineteenth century," we know that this is only a roundabout way of saying "till about 1860."

## Art and the Ages.

*The Domain of Art.* By Sir W. M. Conway. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

SIR MARTIN CONWAY had little need to apologise to the Undergraduates of Cambridge for lecturing to them on art without possessing "complete knowledge of the latest discoveries in art-history or the finest nuances of recent art-criticism." The subject of his lectures, being the power and value of art, some ideals of the present and bygone ages, and the relation of those ideals to the facts of social and economic life, is much too general for anything which has happened within the present decade to make revision of a single sentence necessary. And yet in the history of a movement ten years is a long time. In 1891 Burne-Jones exhibited his "Briar Rose," a work which marked the culmination of his art, and also foretold the completion of the cycle which began with Rossetti's "Ancilla Domini" and Millais' "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop"; for the ideal of the brotherhood had in this picture and Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents" received perfect manifestations; and now that technical skill had adequately interpreted the conception, there was no more to say. When a few years later R. A. M. Stevenson published his *Velasquez*, we realised for the first time some of the defects of the pre-Raphaelite ideal, and we were ready once more to revert to Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Whistler, from whom the mighty magician Ruskin had withheld our gaze.

In one respect, however, there is much in this volume which enables us to fix it as of more recent date than Tolstoy's *What is Art?* Take type-expressions like the following: "Art exists to transfer emotions of joy which are independent of any purely intellectual stimulus." "To produce emotion pure and simple is the function of art," and we feel how far we have moved away from Ruskin, with his belief that all great art expresses great ideas, and how near we are to Tolstoy's belief that an inalienable quality of all art, good and bad, is its infectiousness. What is characteristic of the best art criticism of the last few years may be found in this volume, and on every page we may perceive adumbrations of the idea that art is not primarily intellectual or moral; it is simply a means by which we are made to respond to an artist's emotion.

We have not space to bring out and amplify this concept of art; attention is called to it here, to prove how difficult it is for a writer on art to become unaware, long as art may have ceased to be the pre-occupation of his life, of the continually shifting ideals of his time, and of the close dependence of definition, not so much on the facts as on the ideals of life.

It would be a mistake to assume from what we have said above that this volume is concerned mainly with either definition or with modern tendencies; on the contrary, it is a carefully reasoned argument to prove how extensive and permeating is art's influence in all ages and under every form of civilisation. To readers unfamiliar with the author's earlier work, the lecture on "The Art of Living," which shows how every economic change leaves its impress on art, will be especially interesting.

Consider what was the effect upon our national life produced by the introduction of root crops into agriculture in the eighteenth century. All through the Middle Ages, and down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, there was in England little winter food for sheep and cattle except the product of grass land. Hence no considerable head of cattle could be maintained, and a large proportion of the land of the country had to be kept in an uncultivated condition to supply winter food.

By the introduction of root crops "the county gentry became enriched, and spent their money upon building or improving their residences." Here, then, we have an

intimate relation established between root crops and greater comfort in living; and the introduction into England in the eighteenth century of landscape gardening, a direct consequence of the improved system of agriculture.

Nor is it the economist only who will take delight in these pages. The art-historian and the art collector, even though their interest is not in art *per se*, can learn much from a traveller with such a wide knowledge of his subject—a width of knowledge which has not diminished his fondness for speculating as to the art movement which will emerge when this period of transition has passed.

There is one remark we should like to make. Why did not the author, in speaking of the great value to the art-historian of good photographs, go on to suggest how much we need to-day a lending art-library? Photographs are now both cheap and good; it is surprising that some Mudie does not spring up to distribute portfolios of photographs of buildings, sculpture, pictures, etc., for a small annual subscription. The cost of such a collection would be enormous, but the collection once formed, the main cost afterwards would only be in renewing the faded or spoilt copies.

Were such a photographic society formed great encouragement would be given to amateur photographers, who would be sure of a market for their goods; no one can say how great the effect for good on modern taste the diffusion of a wholesome elementary education in art would be.

The quotation from Ruskin on page 154 is very inaccurate. Although we agree with the author in thinking that the Art for Schools Society is doing excellent work, yet until it diminishes considerably the cost of its reproductions its usefulness will be confined to a very small area indeed.

## The German Athens.

*A Grand Duchess and Her Court.* By Frances Gerard. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

IN the matter of bookmaking the choice of a subject is half the battle; and Miss Gerard's subject is, at any rate, full of interesting possibilities. Her Grand Duchess is Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach; her scene is Weimar, at the period when so many eminent men of letters lived in that little town, hardly larger than Bideford or Sandwich, that it was renowned throughout Europe as the German Athens. As a matter of fact, Anna Amalia was not a Grand Duchess at all, since Weimar was not raised to the rank of a Grand Duchy till some years after her death; but that technical objection, though it must be raised, need not be pressed. The Duchess (to give her her proper title) was a very remarkable woman—a sort of Mrs. Leo Hunter of the eighteenth century—and the relation of her life introduces us to the intimate acquaintance of many celebrities with more solid claims to distinction. Goethe, of course, is the dominating figure; but Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Angelica Kaufmann, and Madame de Staël are also included among the luminaries who shine upon the pages.

These eminent personages are exhibited to us both at work and at play—but more particularly at play; and the spectacle is not always as edifying as it might be. Life at Weimar appears to have been as dull as life in a country house when the weather breaks; and the best energies of the men of genius as well as of their ducal patrons were consecrated to the invention of new ways of killing time. Some of their efforts in this direction were more worthy of their genius than others; and our country house analogy is supported by the fact that the Weimar private theatricals were hardly less celebrated than the Weimar practical jokes, and that the leader in the one diversion was also



the leader in the other. We read of Goethe "changing clothes with tramps and beggars and realising a good wallet full of groschen," and of Goethe and Duke Karl Augustus "standing for hours in the market-place cracking sledge whips for a wager." Also of a more elaborate joke played on a maid-of-honour, who was out late on business for the Duchess:

Her absence had been made use of by the Duchess and Goethe to have the door of Thusnelda's bedroom taken off its hinges, and the space, which was a narrow one, filled up, and paper pasted over. When poor Fräulein Göchhausen returned everyone was in bed, a light being left as usual in the hall. But as she ascended the staircase the light was blown out, as she thought by a gust of wind. It was very dark, so she put her hands on the wall and groped her way, seeking the door of her room, but could find nothing of the sort—it was all one flat surface.

And so forth, quite on the lines of the house-party practical joke which one still sometimes hears of and deprecates. Life at the German Athens seems to have mainly consisted of such jokes. But, of course, love-making was also an ingredient. "Love-making," said Goethe, frankly, "is the only palliative for suffering like mine," and other members of the circle engaged in the pastime without offering excuses. Some of the most interesting pages in the book are taken from the letters in which Herder, the Court Chaplain, endeavours to describe to his wife the exact nature of his feelings for Angelica Kaufmann, whom he met in Rome:

She is an angel of a woman, and her goodness sets the balance right between me and others of her sex who have served me ill. . . . In goodness of heart she is a celestial being. I gave her thy kiss as it stood in thy letter, *without transferring it to her lips*. Once I did kiss her on the forehead, and once she unexpectedly seized my hand and would press it to her lips. *There, that is all between us*. I thank my God that He allowed me to know this pure soul, and that through her I carry away one pleasant memory from Rome.

And again:

In years she is *much older than I am*, and she is more a spiritual than a corporeal being. . . . So in every way she is worthy of being joined to us by a close bond of friendship. She often says to me that the whole happiness of her life depends upon the continuance of this bond; that she would wish to die now, since she has (though truly for but such a short time) seen and known me; it is to her as a dream. . . . For the remainder of our lives we must do all things to please this willing victim to art.

Thus did the Weimar circle live and love, in the days when the eighteenth century was growing old. It is interesting to be reminded of their "goings on," and it is with sincere regret that we find ourselves unable to praise Miss Gerard's handling of her theme. She has taken pains; she has searched in "archives," and elicited "new facts" (though none of any particular importance) from old manuscripts. But she has a lamentable faculty for rattling dead bones without making them live, and for retailing small-talk without ever drawing a picture or even sketching a character. Her manner is not that of a literary artist, but of the housekeeper of a country seat, gossiping about the ancestors of the great family that resides there. We close her book feeling, not that we know the poets who have passed through its pages better than before, but merely that we know a little more about them. The pity is the greater because the subject was a very good one, and a work on it by a writer who made full use of its rare opportunities would have been a welcome and valuable addition to this class of literature.

## Place Names.

*Notes on Staffordshire Place-Names.* By W. H. Duignan. (Henry Frowde. 4s. 6d. net.)

THERE is no end to the romance and poetry of dictionaries. In the form of a dictionary, Johnson wrote his most intimately autobiographical work. We have drawn honey from the flowers that are condemned to bad Latin or Greek in a botanical list. Lemprière was more than a Muse to Keats. "Murray" promises, to those with good sight and lusty sinews, to be the holy-book of words. The dictionary before us, though it has been compiled with the utmost rigour of philological law, and as patiently as coral is made, is nevertheless a series of earthy lyrics, sung by the earth itself, and transcribed by Mr. Duignan, of Wall-sall. He gives, as well as he can, the history of the place-names of Staffordshire. The chapter of accidents is large; for invaders and hasty scribes shamefully mauled the words. But in most cases the soul of a place-name is immortal; like the mountains, the brook, the wayside oak, for which it stands, *sedet aeternumque sedebit*. Long ago a company of jays made merry in a certain Lichfield lane. That lane was La Gaia in 1200 A.D.: it is Gaia Lane to-day. On the same page of Mr. Duignan's book are a few hundred words about Gailey, on Watling Street. The author turns this into a perfect little stanza in its way, explaining that Gailey Hay is what mortals call "The hay (*i.e.*, the district) of the wild myrtle." Those who care for the poignant contrasts of Staffordshire know well the inward music of those old names—Brierley, Hopwas, Sheen, Pouke Hill, Palfrey Green, Ridware Mavesyn, The Ellowes, and the like—every one "a well of native English undefiled." Those who study it in this volume will go a step further than Fuller, who, speaking of Staffordshire manufactures, says, "Gold and silver may be better spared than nailes," and find, as we have already hinted, that the nails in this book, meant only for the lewd uses of philologists, are veritable silver and gold; only, let the reader not be fobbed off by the learned look of the volume and the absence of photographs. The author mentions with respect Mr. Henry Bradley's contributions to these columns in the eighties. For the rest, we think he owes a word to Camden. The philologist in Camden's day had to use the back of the knife, and yet the old king-at-arms got at the secret of Wolverhampton 300 years before Bishop Creighton lost it, and Mr. Duignan found it again. Camden went far afield for his romance of names; Mr. Duignan uses a map and old charters, and, lo!

Some old  
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung.

In many of these place-names we seem to be on the scent of a Celtic origin, and we cannot but regret the paltry number of instances of a transition from British into Anglo-Saxon. Names, after all, are a nation at least as old as the Jews, yet we can seldom trace them beyond Anglo-Saxon times. In the case of "Watling Street," we feel sure that it must be attributed to the Celtic fancy. "I suggest," says Mr. Duignan, "that Waetla is the name of some unrecorded mythical hero of the Saxons before their arrival here; that the Milky Way was then known to them as 'Watling Street,' and they transferred the name to the great roads which they must have regarded with astonishment." He proceeds on a safe and well-known analogy. We repeat, however, that the fancy might be more credibly derived from the Celts, whose vivid pictorial names must often have been literally translated by the Saxons in order to produce such a treasury as these Staffordshire place-names.



## The Morals of Fairy Tales.

*Donegal Fairy Tales.* Collected and Told by Seumas MacManus. (Isbister.)

THIS is an interesting importation from America—for by the strange type, the date of the author's preface (Old Lammas Day, 1900), and the inappropriate illustrations, we judge that this collection of Donegal Fairy Tales travelled via the Atlantic in order to reach an English publisher. The book, however, is one worth getting, and we congratulate Messrs. Isbister on bringing it before the English public. Nothing dies harder, apparently, than the Celtic fairy tale. The ten stories here printed, Mr. MacManus assures us, are specimens of many similar tales acquired by him when a boy from "professional shanachies," or Irish tale-tellers, and these tales are "as old as the curlew's call," which is certainly an Irish way of putting it. Certainly these tales are very old, for the human conventions on which they are founded, and which, indeed, is their very structure, are as ancient and unshakeable as are the fields of a township or the boundaries of a parish. Speaking roughly, there are three main "motives" for the primitive fairy tale. There is (a) the tale in which the hero does a generous action out of goodness of heart, and subsequently is befriended by supernatural powers—by "a little red man" in the Donegal version, or by "a little green man" in the German version—a fairy who turns out to be the original recipient of the good deed; and there is (b) the clever, unscrupulous hero, who by superior wit and cunning takes it upon himself to solve a problem that daunts the ordinary man, and in the face of overwhelming odds carries himself victoriously through frightful situations. We find also (c) the tale in which the hero is an ordinary weak, commonplace mortal who, befriended by the fairies for the reason that he is being "put upon" by wicked people, escapes by dint of his obedience to the superior powers. Now, these three main situations undoubtedly do supply in a surprising way the morals that man is always trying first to create and secondly to strengthen in himself whenever he is face to face with an unkindly world. By the first situation he tries to prove to himself that goodness does bring its reward, that the good-hearted man finds some good forgotten deed of his own to bear him company and befriend him unexpectedly when cold fate presses upon him. By the second situation man holds up to himself the superior "grit" and cunning, or the mere obstinacy it may be, of the man who does succeed, simply by refusing to take other people's valuation of the difficulties in his path as his own valuation. By the third situation man tries to show that faith, faith in God or destiny, may do more for the feeble than a whole armoury of weapons does for the strong enemy he is called upon to grapple with. What is alike touching and profound in these primitive folk-tales' morals is the feeling they communicate that, however unreasonable our fate, we have really no other defence except the belief that we must be victorious. "[Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' oursel]" is the general worldly moral we gather, and "put us on the right side" is the supplementary prayer. Wherefore it is that these old folk-tales are about as ancient as the lie of the hills and the valleys in the eyes of men.

The ten tales before us are Irish in the sense of the characters showing a greater sense of fun and general irresponsibility for things going right or wrong than in the case of most European fairy tales. The humour generally is very racy, and the morals, so to speak, are a trifle curly. We congratulate Mr. MacManus on the general crispness and liveliness and curtness of the form in which he presents, or preserves, the shanachies' versions.

## Other New Books.

*Britain and the British Seas.* By H. J. Mackinder, M.A. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume is part of an elaborate series dealing with the physical geography of the world, in twelve volumes, under the title of *The Regions of the World*. It describes, with the most scientific thoroughness and accuracy, the physical features and conditions of Britain, and their effect upon the inhabitants. The book is illustrated by very clear and careful maps and diagrams. So complete a survey of our own little portion of the earth's surface has not been made before. It includes even a mapping out of the British railways, a section on strategic geography, one on economic geography, a chapter on industrial Britain, and another on imperial Britain. The section on "The Climates of Britain" suggests at first sight a satirical reference to recent assorted weather. But it is really a scientific analysis of a fact which perhaps few people realise, that Britain has distinct climates, susceptible of geographical division. The author divides it into four "climatic provinces." Thus, in the south-eastern division, round London, the summers are warm and the winters cool. In the north-west the winters are mild and the summers cool, a veritably temperate climate. At Aberdeen, in the north-east, the winter is cold and the summer "relatively cool." In the south-west, at Waterford and Plymouth, the summer is warm and the winter mild. Such are some of the facts which even the general reader may learn from this painstaking work, while for the historical student it is of value by its chapters on historical geography and racial geography. It is an indispensable work of reference on its subject.

*Memories Grave and Gay.* By John Kerr, LL.D. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE sub-title, "Forty Years of School Inspection," gives the clue to the character of Dr. Kerr's book. It is, from first to last, the narrative of a life immersed in matters scholastic, and, naturally, its chief appeal will be to those interested in education, and especially Scottish education. Yet, being a Scotsman, and his memories covering education in the old days, Dr. Kerr's book is by no means so arid to the general reader as a similar volume by an English school inspector would probably be. It has an atmosphere of cheery kindness, and brims over with the humorous anecdote specially dear to Scots writers of reminiscences. We cannot say that Dr. Kerr's appreciation of humour is always of the finest quality. He has, of course, the batch of stories regarding examination blunders which no inspector of schools is without, but they mostly fall somewhat flat in severe print. The French translations, or mistranslations are the best. *C'est égal. Des qu'ils furent loin, je sortis de ma cachette*, was rendered, "All the same, as furious as a lion I sorted my hatchet." *A nos chagrins réels c'est une utile trêve*, was translated, "To our giddy reels this is a useful respite." Both are valiant guesses at the sound of words. The crowd that greeted Cortez, *attiré par le spectacle*, were stated to have been "dressed in their spectacles." And two dauntless beings rendered "I shall blow my nose" into French by *je vipèrai* and *je blouèrai mon nez*. With such innocuous trifling Dr. Kerr relieves the serious record of strenuous Scotch educational work.

*Froissart's Modern Chronicles.* By F. C. Gould. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

POLITICAL jokes seem to be in fashion. No sooner have we reviewed *Clara in Blunderland* than the present work appears on the table. In one respect they are alike: they

cost too much. No transient political or other joke should be published at a higher price than a shilling. Otherwise they differ very materially. Mr. Gould is of an older school than Clara's historian; his pen knows not gall, his humour is pure kindliness or gentle disapproval. Also his pictures are good. But the joke is too costly. An imitation of Froissart bearing upon the last ten years of party politics, however ingeniously done, is not worth three-and-sixpence. It is a thing to throw away when finished, just as one throws away the *Westminster Gazette*; and Mr. Unwin's elaborate binding has made this rejection of Mr. Gould very difficult.

The book is mildly amusing in the text, and more than mildly amusing in pictures. No fair idea can be given of it except by a specimen illustration, and that we cannot manage. The view of Mr. Chamberlain doing penance at Hatfield is perfect. Indeed, Mr. Gould is with his pencil perhaps better inspired by Mr. Chamberlain than anyone, and the highest he comes to agreeable malice in his letter-press is when he deals with the same subject. But we cannot honestly profess to care about Mr. Gould's art out of the newspapers. His drawing is bad; his sense of values is to seek. He is a perpetual example of how much is forgiven to wit. Had Mr. Gould not this precious gift of symbolising a situation in a witty flash he would be unknown. But he has it, and is a power. Also, although he cannot draw it must be added that he has a gift of likeness which is sometimes little short of miraculous. The book ends abruptly and tamely, with a promise of more to follow. It would have been better, we think, to have given the present volume more unity.

*Industrial Democracy.* By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 12s. net.)

THE fourth impression of this valuable work appears in one volume, and is provided with an introduction bringing the subject of trade unionism up to date. The brief space of four years that has elapsed since the work was first issued has witnessed a series of startling legal decisions concerning the liabilities of trade unions. Privileges which it was believed had been conceded by law, and which it was supposed that the Legislature had every desire to concede, have been rudely snatched away by the judiciary. The unanimous decision of five judges of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale case imposes upon a trade union, whether registered or not, complete corporate liability for any injury caused by any agent in respect of any act which the judges may deem wrongful. Whether this almost revolutionary judgment reflects a change in public opinion it is hard to say. The now famous series of articles in the *Times* may perhaps be taken as an expression of growing impatience with certain kinds of trade union action, while the fears of competition from countries where trade unionism is far less developed may have contributed to emphasise the long prevalent middle-class notion that unions have hindered rather than aided industrial progress. Mr. and Mrs. Webb have taken up the wise position that for certain purposes it is reasonable to regard trade unions as corporate bodies liable to be sued for damages. The real grievance of recent decisions (which include judgments against picketing and against the issue of a blacklist of non-union firms) is that the law, which until recently was regarded as tolerably clear, is now found to be full of pitfalls and dangers for the unions. What has hitherto been an ordinary incident in a strike may in future be interpreted as an actionable offence, for which the union may be mulcted in damages. Unless, then, the rights and liabilities of trade unions can be properly defined by law we may expect either a resumption of the violence and illegalities once practised by trade unions, or a serious

agitation for the legal enactment of minimum rates of wage and maximum hours of work. Trade unions have gradually been developed in order to secure for their respective trades the establishment of a common rule with regard to wages, hours, and conditions of work. A return to individual bargaining, such as the talk about "free labour" implies, is an utter impossibility. It is more than probable that the individualism which has temporarily placed a check upon unionism will bring about a reaction in favour of socialistic legislation of a kind already in operation in Australia and New Zealand. For an optimistic account of this legislation, and for a most able summary of the present position of trade unionism in this country, our readers must turn to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's Introduction, in which they will also find references to various industrial evils that press for a speedy remedy, such as boy labour, overtime, inadequate factory inspection, and manifold defects in the Factory Acts and the Workmen's Compensation Act.

*Romance of the Renaissance Chateaux.* By Elizabeth W. Champney. (Putnam.)

MISS CHAMPNEY has brought together some fine illustrations of the magnificent architecture of fifteenth and sixteenth century France, the very sight of which sets the heart of the traveller hungering for summer and Touraine. Amboise, Chenonceau, Chambord, Nevers, and the Louvre provide subjects for the photographs; and Meillant, Gailion, Fontainebleau, and a number of others are more slightly represented. For the series of historical romances which serve to introduce the pictures we do not greatly care. There is romantic material, but Miss Champney has hardly the adequate touch. And, in fact, the *chateaux* do not need fiction to enhance their interest.

An interesting contribution to musical literature is the *Minstrelsy of England* (Bayley & Ferguson), edited and arranged for the piano by Mr. Alfred Moffat. It is an attempt to produce a representative selection of the songs of the English people from the sixteenth century to the beginning of George III.'s reign. It gives us songs by Milton's Henry Lawes, and one can only wish that Campion and other Elizabethans had likewise been introduced to the multitude. But for what we have we are thankful.

Who was Euclid? The schoolmen of the Middle Ages were inclined to think, as Betsy Prig did of Mrs. Harris, that there was "no such person," and that his name was merely a corruption of Greek words signifying Key-to-Geometry. But in Mr. W. B. Frankland's *Story of Euclid*, a decidedly entertaining addition to Messrs. Newnes's "Library of Useful Stories," Euclid is accepted as the real man, which he undoubtedly was, though his personality "has lapsed into the limbo of the forgotten." It is related of him, however, that one of his pupils, after learning the first theorem, pertly inquired of Euclid how much better off he was for knowing it. Thereupon Euclid called his servant, and bade him "Give this gentleman half-a-crown, since he can't learn without making money." Even this story, we fancy, is rarely told in the schoolroom, where, as Mr. Frankland points out, Euclid is hardly ever introduced as a person of flesh and blood. The historical and philosophical information which can be given about him, his predecessors and successors, is also strangely neglected. That need be no longer the case. There is not a schoolmaster teaching geometry who would not be benefited and entertained by this little book, with its well-arranged facts and literary relief.

Messrs. Isbister issue *Twenty-Two Talks on Every-Day Religion*, by Dr. Theodore Cuyler, in a neat volume. The



dedication "To the Reader" is in facsimile of the author's handwriting, a good idea.

It is understood that Mr. Anstey is preparing a play founded on his entertaining *Lyre and Lancelot*, once the joy of *Punch* readers. A second edition of the book, just issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, at half-a-crown, is therefore timely, besides being welcome for its own sake.

## Fiction.

*The Labyrinth.* By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Richards. 6s.)

THIS fine and curious book is difficult to classify. The author calls it a romance on the title-page; and a romance it is, but utterly different from what usually goes by the name of romance to-day. The spirit of an authentic but strange beauty has presided over it. Mr. Gilchrist has sought for beauty on every page, and achieved it: a tragical, formidable, and yet sweet enchantment, which must have sprung direct and complete from his own individuality, for it owes nothing to any other literature that we are aware of, unless it be that of Charles Baudelaire, who sang of:

Pierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,  
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other  
Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime;  
The hidden harvest of luxurious time,  
Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech;  
And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep  
Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep;  
And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each.  
Seeing as men sow men reap.

Not that, but something which might have been evoked by that. The book is like a long tapestry such as Burne-Jones and Morris conceived and limned, an impossible pageant in fierce and exotic tints mingled with cold greys and steely blues: a procession of women whose loveliness reaches the last perfection, knights without stain and knights weary with all sin, lepers, cut-throats, madmen, hags, witches, great stallions in teams of four, monkeys: moving against a background of immemorial architectures, formal and statuesque gardens, mysterious disappearing streams, forest glades, and night-ridden moors. Here is a landscape:

On the day of the strangers' coming to the House with Eleven Staircases, the sun set gloriously, sinking in pomp to the western woods, and after burning the young foliage with harmless fire, leaving the clouds darkened with the wild purple that betokens the oncoming of a storm. As the air grew cold, mists crept from the streams and springs of the moorland, and with one accord mingled until a sea of flushed vapour covered all the ground. Great crab-trees in full bloom held their heads high; in that melancholy light resembling islands of flowers in a witch's fen. The clouds broke; rain pattered everywhere. Twilight fell, then darkness. . . . The scent of the tossed gillyflowers, released by night, came in gasps through the invisible crevices of the lead-framed windows, and fluttered like ghosts about the servants' hall; sometimes clustering around the head of one, then of another, whose conversation, affected by the weather, was of gabriel-hounds or gabble-ratches, and of omens.

And here is a gesture:

Lovel lifted her hand to his lips; she shook the tangled hair from her forehead.

"Kiss higher than the hand," she said—"you who were to be my son."

She put her arm around his neck, and held his cheek to her own; slow and cold tears fell from her eyes.

It is impossible to deny that here are fine and original effects surely obtained. This story of Judith Swarthmoor, descendant of that Althea Swarthmoor of whom Mr. Gil-

christ in his first important book wrote in a manner that he has yet to surpass, is worthy of her ancestress's history. It is not a book for the million, or even for the ten thousand. The million would perhaps cordially dislike it; they would be justified in protesting against the labyrinthine and arbitrary complications of the first part of the tale. But it is a book that a few will savour and profoundly enjoy.

*The Green Turbans.* By T. Maclaren Cobban. (Long. 6s.)

If it be true that the great novelists create men and women and the small ones incident, there can be no hesitation in determining the place of such writers as Mr. Cobban. In *The Green Turbans* there is a multiplicity of incident, lurid incident, from the confinement of "two noble brothers . . . fighting naked for their lives, nailed to stakes in the horrid pit of serpents," to the dance of the Aissowie, "a filthy evil-smelling band," on the track of blood. In a word, we are in Morocco with Mr. Cobban; but even in England he contrives a kidnapping, malicious wounding, and a foreteller of the future by dreams. As for the characters of the story, they serve merely as centres of incident. There is a woman who betrays her cousin for money, refuses to look at her dead husband's body, marries the murdered cousin's brother, eats an incriminating document, and finally repents. Then there are an Oriental gentleman, with the usual fire smouldering at his heart, and a Moorish maiden, with fire smouldering all over her; a polite and wicked Frenchman, a dreamer of dreams, and certain English ambassadors who say "good gracious" and "good heavens" on every possible occasion. One does not expect finish or smoothness of manner from a storyteller hurrying at this rate; he has quite enough to do to keep his feet in the turmoil of happenings; but one does look for something rather more artistic from Mr. Cobban. Yet no doubt this book will please many readers. For ourselves we are sorry to see a writer publish work so very far below the level of his best.

*The Silent Battle.* By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

REALISM hath its tediums, and Mrs. Williamson is of those who call a visiting card "a bit of pasteboard." But then it is her mission to tear aside masks and mysteries, and, if the visiting card be somewhat perversely robbed by her of a trifling glamour, the act is no doubt due to an excess of the righteous candour which declares the murderer in a millionaire and a German baron in an avenging son. *The Silent Battle* is bathed in limelight, and the actress who is persecuted with improper proposals by a hideous admirer is almost too glaringly in the right to be interesting, though the ignorance which could agree to play Mazeppa without a premonition of tights and bareback riding deserved a shock to its propriety. Woman-like, Mrs. Williamson seems to have a regard for her villain. A man who can deprive himself of a Byronic resemblance by vitriol the better to escape the sleuth-hound commands respect, and the person we allude to had hewn off a tell-tale foot into the bargain. It is fitting that his end should be illuminated by the acetylene lamps of a "Panhard auto-car of fifty-horse power." The power of the novel which contains him is almost susceptible of a similar measurement. It has the vitality of a wound-up machine. "Feuilleton" is writ large upon it, and it would be wrong to forbear the remark that the title promises something more delicate. Indeed, the situation of a young actress standing alone against the machinations of an unscrupulous lover who attempts to crush her into submission by boycott and innuendo is interesting enough. It may well be a *Silent Battle*. But how if the lover has committed a crime and

a blunder before he knew her? Then the interest for the cultivated reader decreases. Crimes and blunders are talkative: the battle is silent no longer. Had we to make a motto for Mrs. Williamson, we would borrow a popular rhythm, and sing, "Pray Heaven for an artist's pen and let the foolish feuilleton go."

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

DESIDERIO.

By EDMUND G. GARDNER.

An episode in the Renaissance, with a Botticelli portrait as frontispiece. As this bright volume is to be read mainly as a work of fiction, the author trusts that if it should fall into the hands of any professed students of the Italian Renaissance they will find it in their hearts to forgive him for the slight liberties he has taken with two of Savonarola's famous sermons. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)

THE DARK O' THE MOON.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Being certain further histories of the folk called Raiders. Mr. Crockett's bustling boot and saddle style is well known to his admirers, who will no doubt be glad to meet Hector Faa and Joyce Faa again, and to read of "the sad yet laughable rebellion of our poor cottier folk, which few outside the bounds of Galloway have even heard of," and of the king of all the wild folk called gipsies in this realm of Scotland. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE KEYS OF THE HOUSE.

By ALGERNON GISSING.

The life story of a secluded, imaginative boy, the motive being the evolution of his character "between the clashing forces of nature and the world." The story, which is poetical and tragical, passes in country places, and ends with the hero's marriage. "I'm wed to the bride Mr. Brant gave me, the only one a man like me can want. If you find her, Abram, you find a love passing the love of women. It's a love no mortal can take from you, that no waves can ever drown. If any——" (Methuen. 6s.)

NORA LESTER.

By ANNA HOWARTH.

It opens in an orphanage, and introduces us to Gronow and Noel, who play important parts in this quiet, carefully written story. "No two children in the whole institution were such close friends as these two lads, dissimilar in every respect. . . . 'Gronow and his shadow,' the other boys called them." Half-way through the book a fortune of thirty thousand is bequeathed to Nora Lester, and Gronow makes her promise that she will never give or lend anything to her father without first asking him. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MISTRESS BARBARA CUNLIFFE. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

A Yorkshire love story of the year 1830, with which is interwoven a minute account of the Yorkshire wool commerce of the period. The hero, a squire's son, fallen upon evil days, embarks in the wool trade in order to buy back the ancestral estates. The dialect is of this character: "Well, but he's a gooid 'un, whatever he lakes at up i' th' laithe; an' he's father, too, to th' little mistress—ay, there she is, God bless her! I thowt we'd win a glance fro' her." (Unwin. 6s.)

JOHN LOTT'S ALICE.

By FRANCES G. BURMESTER.

A story of a county. In Essex the scene is laid, and there it passes. When Alice makes her prayer at the end, it is the bells of Braintree that tell her the moment when to begin. The first chapter is all about Essex. "Have I kept you too long among its fields and lanes?" asks the author, "or will you tarry a little longer and learn of its people, their language, and their ways." Unsophisticated characters people the book. (Grant, Richards. 6s.)

A MYSTERY OF ST. RULES.

By ETHEL F. HEDDLE.

For St. Rules the "discerning reader" may, of course, read St. Andrews, and Miss Heddle appropriately puts on the title-page a stanza of a poem by Mr. Andrew Lang. The story purports to present the "human comedy" of the Scots University city. Professors perambulate its pages, and the dialect appears very early. "Ye ken very weel, sir, that when ye're engrossed wi' they chemicals i' the laboratory, ye wad say anything!" (Blackie. 6s.)

MONSIEUR MARTIN.

By WYMOND CAREY.

A romance of the Great Swedish War. "Angrily I threw the volume into a corner of the room." The volume was none other than Hobbes's *Leviathan*. The thrower of the *Leviathan* into a corner was tutor to the mistress of Polenstjerna, daughter of one of Charles XI.'s most trusted councillors. The tutor, Hugh Martin, yeoman born, tells the story, which begins on "this glorious August day in the year of grace 1699." (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE ASSASSINS.

By NEVILL MYERS MEAKIN.

A romance of the Crusades, which begins with an "Ali hu Allah!" the war-cry of the Assassins, which rang down the gorge, waking the echoes of the fight in the afternoon, and dying a long-drawn wail, a dirge over the fallen. In Book II. we come to Saladin and the siege of Acre. There is plenty of fighting, and bloodshed. Here is a passage. "The scimitar had almost severed him in twain, and his blood flowed, filling up the hoof marks in the wet clay. But his hatred of his slayer held him back from death till he had spoken what was on his mind." (Heinemann. 6s.)

FAIR ROSALIND.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

A portrait of fair Rosalind, embowered in a green heart, figures on the cover of this story of the time of Henry VIII., which opens on the afternoon of a brilliant May day in London. Fair Rosalind herself, the unhappy Margaret Steldrake, the rival brothers, the figure of the great Thomas Cromwell, and the pageantry of the period, all glide before us, while such episodes as the escape from the Tower, the insurrection and the plottings of rival statesmen, lend interest to the pages.

THE DEAD INGLEBY.

By TOM GALLON.

Melodrama and sentiment. The villain is Paul Vamoria, who "pays the price at last." "Keep off! keep off!" he cried, hoarsely. "You wouldn't butcher me like this?" But that was just what "the strong old sinewy hand" of his enemy meant to do. The excitement throughout the story is due to the money that "old Mr. Ingleby," dying, must leave behind him. Paul Vamoria thinks it will come his way, but the reader has his doubts. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

By W. E. GROGAN.

A romantic story of a good king, Ludwig the Great, who died; of Prince Leofric, his brother, who had much of the old Adam in him, and of an act of self-sacrifice performed by the new king after reigning for four years. The kingdom is called Hartzen, and there are barons and lords and men-at-arms and a cardinal and conspirators, and something pretty about the kingdom of the heart that King Arnac won when he resigned the kingdom of Hartzen. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

The scene in the early part is laid in London, and deals with the adventures of a young author and journalist, who comes under the fascinations of an Oriental beauty on her way to become a countess. Later the reader is taken to Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains, and the Philippines. (Hutchinson. 6s.)



